The New Unity

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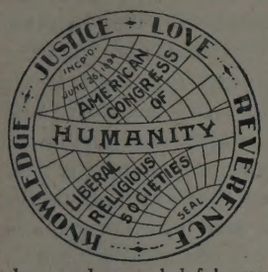

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Contents

EDITORIAL. Page.

Notes; An Economic Suggestion 385

The Tower Hill Institute (Ed. Corresp.) 386

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

Music (*verse*), by E. P. POWELL; The Unceasing Struggle, by LOUISE NYDEGGER 387

Art and Life 388

The Ideal Location for a Divinity School; Liberal Thought and Life in St. Louis, by REV. J. W. CALDWELL 389

Recent Explorations in Babylonia 390

THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT.

The Sonship of Jesus and of Man, by REV. E. M. WHEELOCK 391

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living (*Geo. Eliot*); Troubled (*verse*); Up Hill (*verse*); The Blackbird Family; Live with the Children 393

CORRESPONDENCE 394

THE STUDY TABLE 394

MISCELLANEOUS 396

ANNOUNCEMENTS 400

Editorial

Bleaker than unmossed stone
Our lives were but for this immortal gain,
Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain.
—Lowell.

PERHAPS the pleasantest news of the month is the success of the strike of the United Brotherhood of Tailors against the New York sweaters. What is particularly encouraging is that so large a body, some thirteen thousand, of oppressed, foreign-born and ignorant men should have had the ability to act together in such a cause.

WE call attention to the Rev. Mr. Caldwell's request for information as to all the Emerson clubs and classes in the country. We do not suppose that such information can be obtained, but something may be done to meet Mr. Caldwell's wishes if those who know of any of these classes will send some information in regard to them to Rev. J. W. Caldwell at 2715 Sheridan Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

IF there should be theological schools at all, distinct from universities; if the best training for the ministry (so far as that training can be obtained in any school but the great school of life) is to be gained elsewhere than in the graduate schools of the university itself—then the plea of the President of the University of California, given in another column, for the location of divinity schools in great cities and in the immediate neighborhood of the great universities, seems to us eminently wise.

OUR own state at least should not throw stones at the glass houses of her southern sisters so long as she remains unable to control racial violence within her own borders. It is true, there is more excuse for the attack of ignorant Italian miners upon their successful Afro-American competitors than there would be for illegal violence on the part of educated whites toward ignorant colored men; but the excuse is itself a disgrace, and does not extend to the state authorities, which should so deal with the matter as to prevent the repetition of such an event.

An Economic Suggestion.

In connection with the Hull House Summer School, which has just closed its fourth session, at Rockford, Illinois, we have come upon an economic suggestion of real importance. The activities of Hull House are well known, and the fact of its having a summer school is doubtless familiar to our readers.

The throng of ardent, hard-working young women who attend the College Extension classes of Hull House, during the winter, are the larger proportion of the students of the Summer School at Rockford. The charges are kept as low as possible, many of the students and teachers assisting in the work of the house to lessen the cost. The program is so arranged as to offer an agreeable amount of out-door study and recreation, together with literary classes, reading parties, and an opportunity for more serious work, if desired. All the teaching is volunteer. Perhaps only those who know by the feel the meaning of summer in a tenement district appreciate the significance of a school like this, which takes people from work-shops and school-rooms and offices and arid streets by day, and crowded houses by night, and gives them a few weeks in cool, roomy halls, in the midst of a charming park, with wide outlook on a river, and great fields near at hand, and moreover provides daily association with a body of teachers whose voluntary service is a pledge of its sincerity, and many of whose lives express the best cultivation. Young women, who could not by any possibility afford to go to the usual summer schools, or to take a vacation at regular boarding places in the country, are able to come to Rockford, because the cost of living is $3.00 per week.

Now the economic point is that this school is possible, because it is allowed to use the buildings and grounds of Rockford College free of cost. This college, like other similar institutions in this country, is the fruit of an unselfish effort to make culture general and easy of access. Its funds were given by hard-working, self-denying people, in the spirit in which all great philanthropies are—or should be—founded, "to make reason and the will of God prevail." The founders of this college had no thought that their democracy should include a service to the unfavored districts of a great city, then scarce in its beginnings. Their plan reached no further than to secure for the daughters of those who settled the Northwest and for their posterity a good education in healthful and beautiful surroundings. Yet their purpose, formed in a day whose simplicity has passed with dizzying speed, finds a most reasonable development in this broadened usefulness which meets a time of unanticipated complexities following all too hard on that simplicity. It is a good omen for the intellectual and moral training to be found within the walls of this college, that its trustees are so permeated with progressive spirit.

Most of our colleges in this latitude have country locations, with ample grounds and beautiful surroundings. In June, they are closed, and during ten or twelve weeks, while their beauty is greatest, all is deserted. We believe the time is coming when the trustees of these academic halls and groves will feel chagrined if for one fourth of the year their domains are tenantless. Nor will they be satisfied with summer schools which are for the rich. They will interpret their stewardship more liberally, and will open their institutions for the summer, in the name of a philanthropy no deeper than that which

founded them, but which adapts itself to the conditions of the hour. L.

Editorial Correspondence.

The Tower Hill Institute.

My last letter was written a week ago (August 10th). The Institute proper has come to a close, though to the countryside the final sessions come tomorrow, which we hope will be a fitting climax to a season of helpfulness all around. As indicated in our last, Sunday the 11th was Temperance Day, and as it ought to have been, it proved the greatest Sunday on Tower Hill. Never before was there such a gathering either in numbers or in social, theological and intellectual inclusiveness. Between four and five hundred people were on the ground, nearly all of which came by team, so that the "hitching territory" of Tower Hill was filled with teams of all kinds. A district of twenty-five or thirty miles in diameter contributed to the attendance, representatives being present from Dodgeville to Richland Center, from Avoca to Mazomanie. Catholics, orthodox and heretics were present. The morning meeting, after a preliminary song and prayer service by Mr. Jones, was addressed by Mrs. Amy Kellogg Morse, of Tomah, Wis. She is the wife of a Congregationalist minister, an ex-president of the State W. C. T. U. She spoke forcibly on the essential requirements of Christianity as being human helpfulness, love to God and love to man. She was followed by a striking address from Rabbi S. Hecht, of Milwaukee, whose courtesy, breadth and frankness captured all hearts. He began by saying, "If faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God makes a Christian, count me as one." While differing frankly from the preceding speaker in regard to methods, "prohibition," the "total abstinence pledge," etc., he made a strong impression not only as to his own personality, but as to the great importance of the temperance reform. The dinner hour presented many beautiful pictures. The hillside was flecked with quiet, happy basket parties; no noise or boisterousness, but great fraternity. In the afternoon Mr. Gould conducted the services. The first address was made by the present president of the State organization, Mrs. Vie H. Campbell, of Evansville, a loyal friend of The New Unity and its cause. It was a sermon on the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" with temperance illustrations and applications. Dr. Annette Shaw, of Eau Claire, followed with an exhibit of the practical work on the rescue lines done by the W. C. T. U. At Eau Claire there is a State Home for women where the distinction is recognized between the unfortunate and the fallen, and every effort made to correct the vicious double standards of morality. The final word, from the present writer, was a plea to the representatives of this organization to emphasize the most important word: not the word "woman," for in the higher moral battles of the world sex disappears; not "Christian," for when that word becomes a dividing word it loses its potency, and the more Christian thing is outside of its Christian enclosure; not "temperance," for that word may become a party shibboleth, a sentimental cry doing violence to the open mind and the many handed methods of true reform; but the saving word is the last, "Union." In that abounded the grace that would secure "temperance," demonstrate "Christianity" and aleviate and liberate women. Monday night H. H. Jacobs, a preaching student of the Wisconsin University, gave his lecture on the liberal orthodox movement, a sympathetic, clear and remarkably fair statement of the essential emphasis in the thought of such men as Phillips Brooks, Lyman Abbott and their associates. It was a kodac picture of a moving stream, taken so dextrously that the effect seemed to represent fixed points in what is really ever flowing. Tuesday night Rabbi Hecht's interpretation of Judaism was such as the readers of The New Unity are familiar with from words of our associate, Dr. Hirsch. Here as elsewhere the Jew succeeded in impressing his personality upon the audience, proving his breadth, earnestness and his right to his spiritual ancestry. On Wednesday night Mr. Southworth, of Janesville, discussed the thought of God as effected by our thoughts of the universe. The address was so enkindling and stimulating that a sharp suggestive discussion followed the lecture that night. Thursday night Mrs. S. C. Lloyd Jones summoned the poets of England and America to testify through their own words to the truth that the poet is still the prophet and the prophet is ever the man of progress, the moral reformer, the life helper. Friday night brought not only this course of lectures to a close but gave the studied climax of the Six Years' work,—"What Society Needs From the Church," a lecture from Prof. W. A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin. He is an associate of Prof. Ely, a young man gifted with impassioned eloquence. His is a hopeful outlook, though he dwelt upon the dark side of the things of today. By way of illustration he spoke of two pressing vices in the commercial world, the gambling in "futures," in the stock and produce markets of the world, and the iniquity of unsanitary tenement houses. He closed with a plea for the church that will ameliorate the antipathies and help establish the principle that the proper end of life is to secure maximum development of the physical, mental and moral natures of all men. His lecture brought out an interesting discussion which could not be put off until the morrow. We wish we could reproduce it and ask our readers the question which aroused so much interest there,—"What is the present trend of thought in our universities? What do the colleges do today for the social questions of life? Do they in the main seek apologies for existing order, or do they quicken young men with a purpose to amend and change? The closing reflections of the leader were upon the Six Years work done in these summer institutes, a work which has received but slight support at the hands either of residents or of non-residents, carried on in the face of the open neglect if not opposition from among those who, because it was not otherwise or elsewhere, left it to its fate. Now, so far as the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society is concerned, the Tower Hill series of institutes is at an end. The managers have always felt ready to follow any one who would criticize by creation. The original plan has now been carried out. During these six years some sixty evening lectures have been given before this institute, and the cozy but earnest conferences during the morning sessions have proven to the few who have participated that the best things often get themselves said in a corner, and that the pioneer work is necessarily done by a few. Perhaps half a hundred different voices have been heard in this quiet countryside, that otherwise would not have disturbed the silence, through the instrumentality of this institute. This last institute in one respect at least has been an improvement upon all the others. For the first time all the expenses have been met from the ticket receipts. Thanks to the generosity of the lecturers who, as on previous years, have given freely of their brains, being content with Brooke Herford's version of the text, "The laborer is worthy of his *car* hire." This year some nineteen different voices have been heard in the progress of the institute, eleven of them ministers. Aside from those mentioned, we had this week the pleasure of a visit from Rev. A. C. Grier, pastor of the Universalist Church of Racine, and his visit made one more friend and lover in the Tower Hill band. We have touched directly and consciously lines that will reach out into Unitarian, Universalist, Congregationalist, Jewish and Independent communions. Although the work was not confined to Sunday School instrumentalities, most assuredly it has affected directly, in one way or another, the work that will be done next year in the Sunday schools of Minneapolis and St. Cloud, Minn., Madison, Milwaukee, Sun Prairie, Janesville, Racine, Richland Center, Hillside and Baraboo, Wis., and All Souls Church, Chicago.

Tomorrow is Citizens' Day, when the religion of the patriot, or patriotic religion, will be under discussion. But I will not anticipate, but will wait another week.

J. LL. J.

Tower Hill, August 17th, 1895.

Of the many stories told of Rossetti, the following, from *The Book-Buyer*, is one of the most ludicrous: It was with difficulty that Rossetti was prevented at one time from purchasing, for a very large sum, a young elephant. Browning said to him: 'What on earth will you do with him, Gabriel?' and Rossetti replied: 'I mean to teach him to clean windows. Then, when some one passes by the house, he will see the elephant cleaning the windows, and will say, 'Who lives in that house?' and people will tell him, 'Oh! that's a painter called Rossetti,' and he will say, 'I think I should like to buy one of that man's pictures'; so he will ring to come in, and I shall sell him a picture.'"

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Music.

BY E. P. POWELL.

SUNDAY.

I was bowed down; my weary soul did taste
The grief of sin. Despair reached up his hand.
Then Music swept the strings of Love in haste;
And lo! once more was goodness in the land.

MONDAY.

Morn touched me with her music, rising sweet
Among the apple blossoms, o'er the eastern crimsoned crest;
And Eve did bid good night, with fingers fleet
Flying o'er the harp of Nature down the golden west.

TUESDAY.

Nine days in his tent stood Saul, wordless and sad;
And none knew he; nor self, nor right nor wrong;
But slowly his limbs melted to life that was loving and glad
When beautiful David crept in with zither and song.

WEDNESDAY.

There is one power that conquers all; yea twain—
Music and Love; and I cannot tell
The stronger; but when they both combine, in vain
The whole glad world resists the spell.

THURSDAY.

Soot-stained she stood where all the public fares and flows;
One hand held, midway poised, her bag of char;
Forgetting now this world, and all its cares and weary woes,
She smiled through time and heard my flute afar.

FRIDAY.

I am no longer I; there is a power that fills
This fair-faced world, which we call ours,—
And brings to harmony its varied wills;
So I to music yield my struggling powers.

SATURDAY.

All hopes, all thoughts, and all religions, friend!
Are each but parts of one great euphony;
At last in human character they blend,
Or give, in music, choral harmony.

The Unceasing Struggle.

BY LOUISE NYDEGGER.

The soul of the young child is yet enfolded in darkness and slumber, but gradually rays from the outer world penetrate to it through the avenues of the senses. How busily the little fingers grope about while they learn to distinguish the I from the not-I! Impressions are continually received from various sides,—links which bring the soul within in contact with the world without. In the course of a few months the eye and the ear have become messengers of information to the awakening mind, and day by day they learn better how to discriminate and to interpret the sensations made upon them.

Another aid to mental development is gained when the child has learned to walk. Now it goes from object to object, eagerly feeling, lifting and tasting whatever attracts its attention. With wondering and curious eyes the little creature beholds the surrounding world. Very often it stumbles or bruises itself in the efforts to get acquainted with the nature of things, but pain itself becomes a valuable instructress.

Now, since the child has so direct a means of satisfying its curiosity and daily getting information, there is a new want felt. Heretofore the mind has been mostly receptive. But now it begins to struggle for expression. Already it has learned to associate certain sounds with certain ideas, but having ideas of its own to convey, it seeks for the sounds that represent them. There is something pathetic in the baby lips that try to speak-fail and try again until they can make them, selves understood. The falls and stumbles, too, with which it meets through its desire to know, are deeply significant to the thinking mind. In the twofold struggle of the child to acquaint itself with the surrounding world and its relation to it, on the one hand, and to find adequate expression for the facts observed and the desires arising within, on the other hand, we see the struggle in which mankind has been engaged since its birth. Thus, the frail young child is typical of humanity, although the latter has continents for its play-room and its life has run through unnumbered centuries. In the child's life we see reflected in miniature the universal life. In the one as well as in the other we see mind grappling with matter, and the desire to know, to express and to enjoy has been a powerful spring of activity in both. It is the old unceasing struggle which was begun with the evolution of man as an intelligent being and which will end only with his death.

It has indeed been a stupendous task for humanity to arrive at the knowledge which it possesses today, and to construct so perfect a means for communicating impalpable ideas from individual to individual, for transmitting mental products from generation to generation, as that of spoken and written language. But is it not also truly wonderful, what the child masters and acquires in the first two years of its life, considering its small strength and that short space of time? Only the spectacle is so common that we have almost ceased to see the wonder in it.

There was a time, too, when mankind beheld the universe with the same wonder and ignorance that a child does today, and perhaps formed the same crude theories about its common facts and phenomena. Just as the child stumbles and is bruised in its efforts to know the surrounding world, seeing its mistakes by their painful consequences, just so humanity, in its search for knowledge and power over Nature, has fallen into mistakes which corrected themselves by the mischief wrought.

Even today, after long centuries of existence during which the efforts of countless generations have been linked together and handed down, humanity is still in its infancy, still struggling to know more of that which is within its horizon, to solve the problems put before it, to avoid the falling into mistakes with their attendant woes, to express itself more perfectly in science and art, to gain a more complete mastery over Nature, and to realize a greater amouut of happiness. The achievements and discoveries made hitherto are indeed grand when considered in themselves, but, compare to that which is still to be achieved and discovered, they are only the performance of an infant. It seems as if the progress of time were constantly bearing new problems, as if the solution of one mystery brought another one into view that had not yet been realized. Wherever man fixes his attention, there is something to excite his thinking, imaginative or experimenting faculties. The triumphs realized from time to time may give him a momentary satisfaction, but as long as the human mind is confronted with unsolved problems, it will remain unappeased in its inmost depths. It will remain unappeased for ages to come, or perhaps forever, for on all sides there is yet unlimited space for inquiry. But it is well for the human race that the termination of its struggle is yet so remote or even impossible, for it is the effort to realize this endless longing which gives perpetual youth and vigor to mankind. Were it not for this, humanity would long ago have become old and worn and purposeless.

But the Power for Good has filled the universe with mystery and the human soul with a desire to know, and out of this fact has come not only an endless youth, but also the glory and ideality of mankind. It has exalted the race far above the remainder of the animal creation, with which it is intimately connected by physical organization. By a laborious and steady struggle through centuries, the inquiring mind has opened to it the vast and wonderful kingdom of science of which it is constantly extending the limits.

The first steps of man into the regions of the unexplored were timid and faltering like those of the toddling child over unknown ground; the stumbles were frequent and the bruises deep. But religion, like a gentle mother, led him over rough places, and when he fell she comforted him. The stern and awful truths yet incomprehensible to him, she veils in hope and faith, but in the measure that his strength grows he penetrates her secrets. As he progresses in strength and positive knowledge, she changes her aspect and relation towards him. The child has learned to walk and to see, he needs her no longer as a support, but she becomes the essence of the Ought that guides him, the spiritualized vision that brings his earthly life in touch with ideality.

To the mysteries of the universe which keep the intellect active, there has been joined a magnificent and inexhaustible grandeur, awakening the sense of beauty and sublimity in man. As the child strives to express what he knows and to imitate what he sees, man has striven through the centuries for more and more perfect means of expressing or imitating the beauties of the heavens and the earth. Out of this struggle has come art. Here, too, the province is limitless and the struggle unceasing, for Nature, the great model, is infinite, and there are ever new ideals floating before the mind of man, which he seeks to translate into concrete forms. Thus for ages to come yet, the artist will have untrod paths before him, and over these the glow of youth, with its inspiration and enthusiasm, will accompany him.

While the struggle for knowledge and the struggle for expression have agitated the choicer spirits of humanity, the struggle for happiness has asserted itself in every heart, and its termination seems as endless or remote as that of the others. Indeed they are all intimately related, for science and art go hand in hand, and the desire for happiness has been a stimulus for seeking the perfection of the other two. There is a high order of happiness in the attainment of truth and in the realization of the ideals of art.

We see then, that the desire to know, to express and to enjoy, which keeps the child active and buoyant, the source of its woes as well as of its glees, is the same longing which throbs in the breast of the individual adult, as well as in the great bosom of humanity. It is the charm which gives perpetual youth, not only to humanity, but also to the individual who never ceases the struggle to enlarge and improve his finer nature, who, from time to time, turns from the praise and acclamation of the world and listens to that voice within which lets him not be satisfied with that which has been attained, but urges him on and on to unrealized ideals, until death comes and with its dissolusions restores the soul to universal harmony and eternal peace.

Scrubology and soapology, instead of theology, are what is most needed in dealing with the submerged twentieth of society.—*General Booth.*

Art and Life.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CLEVELAND SCHOOL OF ART, BY REV. MARION MURDOCH, AND REPORTED IN THE *Cleveland Plain-dealer*, JUNE 23, 1895.

One of the very serious charges made by Matthew Arnold against America was that she had no past. She had in other words nothing that was genuinely venerable, such as ruined abbeys or castles or cathedrals or time worn tapestries and canvas.

Now this serious charge against us as a young nation we should "neither attempt to palliate nor deny." But youth has its great possibilities and there is hope and inspiration in the fact that the splendor of our civilization is in the future rather than in the past.

In a very real sense, however, the past of all nations is our past, the history of all nations is our history, for we are citizens of the world today, and inheritors of all great achievements in art or life.

The David of Michael Angelo is ours as well as Italy's; the dramas of Shakespeare, the Madonnas of Raphael, the landscapes of Turner and Claude Loraine belong to the world rather than to any individual country or locality.

Through the practical arts many of the classic models and forms are before us; yet by no means to the extent that could be wished. It is noticeable that almost every humble country home in England has upon its walls photographs and engravings of masterpieces in art. Thus children to whom the National Gallery is not accessible know its treasures, and the little landscapes of Constable and Turner, the copies of the Madonnas, and the pictures of castles and cathedrals constantly before them, cannot fail to stimulate the imagination and influence the taste. We have not yet this needed environment, and our country is still to reach its classic era, which is always an era of beauty attained through the medium of the fine arts.

Nature has not neglected us. She has been very lavish in her blessings; but the beauty of American landscapes will never be fully recognized until they are recreated upon canvas or in poetry and viewed through the medium of genius in art. The charm of Britain lies largely in the fact that almost every part of her fair land has been pictured with brush or pen, and there is a hallowed human interest mingled with every scene.

From nature indeed in her infinite variety of form and color art must ever draw its rich materials, but river and lake and mountain have a new glory in any land when they live in picture and poem and are known by the haunts of those who have an insight for beauty in all its aspects. This insight of the artist—it is not something superficial or isolated. It is a very part of an ethical and spiritual insight that links nature to human life and finds a law of beauty underlying both. More clearly than any other author of our time Ruskin shows us how deep is the relationship between architecture and ethics and how the builder in stone like the builder in character must have his great ideals, his lamps of truth and earnestness, of sacrifice and obedience and sincerity.

Love of beauty, love of life in all its natural and human aspects, is the artist's dower. It is the province of art not to idealize but to spiritualize common life, to show us its hidden inner beauty. The artist is a revealer of the divine elements which always exist but which we without these aids are often too dull to see. The artist is an interpreter, a discoverer of the beauty in what would be called commonplace things, commonplace lives. In art there is no caste. The commonest cabin finds favor upon canvas. Here the charm of human nature regardless of rank or place is recognized, and the humble day laborer, the sower scattering his seed, the toiling work woman bending under her burden, become immortal.

It is not only true that interest in nature and in human nature may be greatly heightened by a study of art, by familiarity with great creations in all departments of the fine arts, but it is also true that life may be made more endurable, more joyous by a cultivation of a love of the beautiful. They that can see loveliness and create loveliness all about them will make this world by and by a much more desirable dwelling place.

Not only the artist, therefore, but the philanthropist also must recognize the importance of education in art. Not for the making of a few great artists alone,—though this will certainly result from any earnest revival of interest,—but for the growth of the people as well, whose love of beauty must be stimulated if they would reach a high level of harmonious life, our own civilization needs the rest and repose which only a study of nature and a close companionship with the fine arts can bring. We must have help to relieve the excessive nerve tension. It is well that a nation like ours should first emphasize and encourage the industrial arts. But in this whirl of commercial and business zeal there is danger of neglecting one of the most important elements in progress. There is danger of overlooking the fact that only through beauty embodied and realized can the nation have its happiest and noblest development. Though it is not for us to revert to the fashion of Greek temple and Gothic cathedral, it is our office to develop power and beauty in architecture, to enter into its study with an enthusiasm that shall reach not only to public buildings and parks and squares, but also as with our apostle of art, Ruskin, to humblest dwellings and tenement houses, making these comely and clear and beautiful (and if this be at first very difficult of attainment), establishing at least an environment that shall educate and refine.

Neither is it possible for us to return to the symbolism and mythologies which made art and poetry in the elder days, but it is possible to recognize the need of imagination in modern life. Conditions are changed, but the same factors of soul exist, and by new combinations new phases of art will be created. Whether as great or greater works than those of the old masters will be produced is an idle question. Every masterpiece is a unique creation and has its own value independent of any other. There is no rivalry in things excellent.

It is not too much to expect that modern civilization will create or develop a culture peculiarly its own. It will educate the imagination with all the Greek enthusiasm, it will appeal to the emotions with all the ethical insight of modern life. This culture will be Christian, but not mediæval; classic, not stoical; it will be not something exclusive and conventional, but something to be attained by the people and for the people.

There are signs of the times in this that women's aid is to be invoked in this new era of the beautiful upon which we may even now be entering. Woman's hand is henceforth to hold the brush and the chisel and to share in the toils and the triumphs of art. No one can yet prophesy the result, but it is safe to say that if nature has made her artistic, education will vastly increase this quality and give her a permanent place not only in one but in all departments of this fair and fine avocation.

Our interest today is deeply with you who have had the privilege and the joy of systematic study in art, under the inspiration of capable and conscientious instructors who love and live in their chosen profession. Your school has already made itself an honored place in the community; it has conquered its environment and by the true artist tact and ability a barn has become a studio. With disadvantages in many respects you are in many fortunate. If you found many things to be desired in the pursuit of your work, remember that you are in some sense pioneers, and pioneers must be patient; that you are in some sense reformers, and reformers must suffer. Your admirable work attests your zeal, and your faithfulness and loyalty will bring lasting benefit to the school you represent. Your lines have fallen in pleasant places because you have the power through your art to create pleasure. But you yourselves are to be each in her or his own measure educators of the beautiful in your community. You have come to realize, no doubt, what a significance there is in this education, how far-reaching, how many sided it may be. To study the conditions that make ugliness and to endeavor to relieve them is indeed a herculean task, but to accomplish it the aid of the artist must assuredly be invoked.

In this profession or calling you set yourself the task of studying humanity in its physical aspects, as in the wonderful face and the form divine, and in its mental and emotional aspects that make expression and life. Your work, remarkable in some phases of it, shows that your observation has been sympathetic and your appreciation large. You have seen the importance of the theory, the science and the mathematics of art. You realize also, I trust, the importance of the literature of art. As concerns this literature, let me urge you to know thoroughly and sympathetically its most distinguished representative, John Ruskin. You will find him caustic, even severe at times, but you will also recognize the clearest spiritual insight into the laws of the beautiful, and the kindliest and deepest appreciation of human life that ever expressed itself upon the printed page. You will find in him a sense of beauty that blossoms in philanthropy in a love of the people and their needs, in a love of that holiness of beauty that makes a beauty of holiness. Bear with his moods and make him your master in the ethics of art.

You have learned already, I am sure, that earnestness is the price of success. Whatever you achieve, if it be the result of sincerity and devotion, it will have a real value, regardless of what the world may say of it. The work itself may not endure, but the spirit that prompted it will have its permanent influence.

You will not much concern yourselves as to whether you have genius or talent, but rather as to whether you have an overpowering love for the avocation you choose. Ruskin's principle, which he said he had been teaching himself all his life, was, "Only that work is noble which is done in the love of the reality." "Let your art be the praise of something that you love."

If you are true to the ideals of your chosen work you will be careful that nothing in the guise of culture shall take from you your enthusiasm.

The beginning of all art, too, is sincerity and naturalness.

Caring for the real and permanent things of life more than for the conventional and

artificial, you will testify that beauty is not something apart from the real needs of common life; that it is not something merely ornamental and superficial, something that changes as the fashion of a hat, but that its laws are very deep and abiding and have their source in the things that are eternal.

Taught of your beautiful avocation you will above all things endeavor to be true, true to yourself, true to the best canons of art, true to the source of all beauty and power. So shall you see the relationship of your special art to all arts, and the relation of these to the conduct of life.

Indeed, by the testimony of your high choice you are devoted to all that is lovely in nature and life. May this devotion bring to you a real satisfaction and joy; may you help to make possible the same joy for others, and so be in a very real sense benefactors to society, fulfilling the highest laws of life, the laws of beauty and love.

The Ideal Location for a Divinity School.

As in other professions, increased demands are made nowadays upon religious teachers. There are new claims for special preparation on the part of students of divinity.

I will mention two of these new claims: First—Acquaintance with men; some experience in the midst of a busy and numerous community. The religious teacher must learn how to approach his fellow-men, how to engage their sympathies, how to be most helpful in ministrations to the poor and the unfortunate. He must have *tact;* and this is developed by *contact* with the world.

This is a great change from the cloister idea. It is a change from the old-time seclusion of theological seminaries in quiet country towns. Such a seminary was planted in East Windsor, Conn.; but it languished and was ready to die. A promise of new endowments brought it to the busy city of Hartford, and there it has become a wide-awake and influential institution.

Another new claim is—Breadth of intellectual preparation, coupled with intellectual sympathy. Ministers of the old style were well educated; no reasoner was more acute than Jonathan Edwards. But the collegiate and theological courses were on narrow lines, leaving the student in ignorance of other men's thoughts.

Now a wider outlook is demanded. The clergyman is no longer the undisputed leader, as he used to be, with only the village lawyer or doctor to measure swords with him on the high themes of his calling. Popular reading has raised critical questions in many minds. There is a larger proportion of intelligent hearers. The religious teacher must know what they think of his theological tenets, of the church creeds, of their social duties and permissible recreations. Still more, he must understand the great currents of modern thought. Those who are sailing on these currents will not turn aside to anchor at any small landing-place to which he beckons them.

The practical application of these two points is this:

For contact with men, a Divinity School should be *in or near a center of population.* Such is the drift of the times. There are such schools in New York, in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in or near Boston. For California the best place is in or near the largest city.

For widening one's range of thought, the best place is *at or near an educational center.* There should be an intellectual atmosphere, on a commanding height of knowledge.

The divinity student should understand not only Hebrew and New Testament Greek, but the relations of these languages to other Semitic tongues and to all classical learning. He should feel the breath of the best English writers of prose and poetry. He should know more than ecclesiastical history, more than orthodox or theistic philosophy. He should be conversant with political and social studies. He should understand scientific methods, and answer for himself the question, do these methods encroach on the spiritual side of our complex nature? It is an age of free discussion, of religious, political and social unrest. It will be found in every field of ministerial labor. The teacher and comforter of men will encounter the whole range of critical questions; he must arm himself at every point. He needs the help and the stimulus of an educational center.

Putting these two conclusions together, where should a Divinity School in California be located? Where but at Berkeley, the suburb of two cities, one of them the metropolis of the State—at Berkeley, the home of the State University.

The university will gladly welcome to its neighborhood any number of schools of sacred learning. Religious men have ever been among the best friends of education. It was so in the early days of New England, as witness the motto of Harvard and the gift of books from the ministers who founded Yale.

The State University cannot have a Divinity School of its own, but it fears no harm from the near vicinage of such schools. It sees in them helpers to intellectual and moral earnestness. In turn, it offers much assistance to their students.

(1) The use of its library. There will be supplementary theological libraries; but a large general library is all-important, for all phases of human thought and feeling and history.

(2) "Secular" studies of every variety. These are open to all the people of the State who are sufficiently prepared to pursue them. There are general courses and special courses. The whole field is before the earnest student, inviting him to enter.

(3) Of great value is the associational work of professors and students. There are societies and clubs, scientific, philosophical, political, literary, classical. In them is the stimulus of mutual and free criticism. Prejudgments are modified; wider sympathies are evolved; new and larger horizons of truth are discovered.

(4) The whole atmosphere of the university contributes to mental and spiritual enlargement. Here are the teachings of all masters of thought, in all historic times. Here are enthusiastic living exponents of science and learning. The study of young minds is interesting and profitable to the future "fishers of men." The sight of a thousand students on their way to the class-rooms forbids mental inaction. The shouts of the campus, the vibrating voices of the gymnasium, stir the blood of the stalwart theologue. The sight of the near cities, the thought of the higher welfare of great masses of men, the hope of doing just a little to help the troubled world to rise above its troubles, these things stimulate the student to plan for his own highest usefulness. They show him that his divinity course must bear good fruit in his professional life.

Supplement as you will. If other than theological students go wrong in the university, bring in the right counteracting influences. If the teachings of philosophy ever become materialistic, summon some James Martineau to champion our spiritual nature. If history ever comes to be taught on a low and unworthy plane, bring in a teacher who believes in "far-off divine events," and recognizes the ever-moving pillar of cloud and pillar of fire on the king's highway. The university will welcome all such aids. Its motto is Truth, forever Truth.

There is a preparation for the gathering of such schools about the university. Old asperities have been softened. There are hand-shakings of fraternal interests. There are frank and earnest communings, face to face. There is a seeming approach to the time when all can unite in the sufficient symbol of their faith; with the heart, the reverent, obedient heart, man believeth unto righteousness.

Then the ideal location may witness the ideal fellowship.—PRES. MARTIN KELLOGG, *of the University of California. Reported in the "Pacific Unitarian."*

Liberal Thought and Life in St. Louis.

BY REV. J. W. CALDWELL.

We are still confronted with the grotesque in the average pulpit. A few evenings ago, a local theologue preached on "The Bottomless Pit." The theme was so antiquated that I went to hear his exegesis. While he did not insist on literal fire, he said that "when a fellow goes in, the top closes and the bottom drops out forever." I quote verbatim. That is a curious saying, in more ways than one. Some future Disraeli may incorporate it in a new collection of the curiosities of literature. The Salvation Army is holding a camp meeting and as an attractive feature advertise the presentation of some living pictures. It is to be hoped that the army will not give over to the superficial demand for fads.

The *Hesperian*, a literary quarterly, edited and published by Hon. A. DeMenil, is making a strong fight for purity in western literature. We have a young poet of much promise in the person of Mr. G. L. Taylor. One of his best short poems is published in the August *Non-Sectarian.* His themes are the lofty ideals of modern humanitarians.

We have a number of sociological movements that give much promise of usefulness and success. "The Children's Industrial Union" will be opened in September with about fifty street waifs. It will give manual training and scientific instruction, aiming to enable the pupils to become self-supporting.

The Working Girls Free Library and Evening School, founded in 1886 by Mrs. Wiggin, is being transformed into a college settlement for girls, and the indications are that it will be quite successful. A settlement will be started in the northern part of the city, in the fall.

Prof. C. J. Keyser, of Smith Academy, and Dr. W. B. Smith, dean of the Mathematical Department of Tulane (Louisiana) University, have lectured recently before the Emerson Class of the Non-Sectarian Church. Both lectures were very able. For the next two years Prof. Keyser will do post-graduate work in Harvard and Berlin Universities.

The following paragraph from the *Medical Brief* of August speaks for itself: The unnatural permeates art, science, literature and religion. Natural religion is taught by the Golden Rule, exemplified by the man who sends the poor widow a load of coal instead of requesting the Lord to take that obliga-

tion upon himself. But we have cultivated theology at the expense of religion until we have almost lost sight of the divine will as revealed to us through natural law. God speaks in nature. He who wearies of or perverts her teachings is by her condemned and must inevitably work out his own destruction.

The *Post-Dispatch* has a column of Single Tax matter in its Sunday issues. Incidentally many things are said of great breadth and fitness on religious questions. Mr. J. E. Howe, a Meadville student, is giving all his time to sociological work. Meadville Seminary is surely doing noble work in sending out such noble young men, endowed with lofty sentiments and an enthusiasm for humanity.

I want a list of all the Emerson Classes in this country. Has such a list been prepared? I hope to hear from those interested in the study of Emerson.

Recent Explorations in Babylonia.

Within the past half-century the death-like stillness which long brooded over the scenes of the ancient Assyrian and Babylonian civilization has begun to disappear before the labors of English, French, and German explorers. The movement began in the widely extended heaps of rubbish, and now from the storm-beaten walls of forgotten temples and buried palaces has arisen a primitive, long forgotten world. Mighty remains of a highly-developed civilization have come forth to the light of day, accompanied by a unique literature graven in stone and clay, which places the ancient history of western Asia for the first time on a sure footing, and enables us to write one of the earliest and most important chapters in the history of our race.

Thus arose the young science of Assyriology. Born on the ruins of Ninevah and Khorsabad, and nourished in the quiet studies of European scholars, this youngest daughter of Archæology and Philology has managed to escape the perils which often threatened her growth, and to attain to full development with surprising swiftness. It has absorbed the attention of its devotees as has no other branch of science, and has constantly drawn new and enthusiastic disciples under its growing influence. The privations of the excavator in the wilderness and marshes of Mesopotamia, and the quiet persistence of the scholar in deciphering the cuneiform documents, have produced an impression in Europe, and given a fresh impulse to the study of Semitic philology and archæology in the New World also. The future of Assyriology and the importance of its results depend no less on the systematic exploration of, and the acquisition of new material from, the numerous areas now covered by ruins, than upon the scientific sifting of what the earth has yielded us. An American university has therefore placed the scientific world under lasting obligations by undertaking to extricate from the ruins between the Euphrates and the Tigris, the slumbering witnesses of a world that has perished, and to place these at the service of science.

In the summer of 1888, the University of Pennsylvania fully equipped and sent out the first American expedition to the northern half of the plains of Babylonia to effect a thorough exploration of the ruins of Nippur—the modern Niffer, or, more correctly, Nuffar—on the border of the unwholesome swamps of the Affej, and to undertake extensive excavations. A few intelligent citizens of Philadelphia had met in the house of Ex-Provost Dr. William Pepper, and formed "The Babylonian Exploration Fund," a short time before this, with the purpose of effecting a systematic exploration of ancient Babylonia. What science owes to this unselfish undertaking can be adequately estimated only by posterity. At any rate, the striking success of this American expedition is due first of all to the noble disposition and generosity of those who spent money, time and labor for years past in the service of this great undertaking.

Two professors, Peters and Hilprecht, were entrusted with the management of the expedition, Dr. Peters as director, and Dr. Hilprecht as Assyriologist. Mr. J. H. Haynes, of Robert College, Constantinople, united in his own person the duties of business manager, commissary, and photographer, and placed at the expedition's service his large experience in the explorations at Assso. Mr. Field, a New York architect; Professor R. F. Harper, the Assyriologist of the University of Chicago; Daniel Noorian, an Armenian interpreter, who possessed an intimate acquaintance with the country and its people; and a Turkish commissioner,—made up the staff of the expedition. Mr. D. J. Prince, now professor in the University of New York, would have made the eighth, had he not fallen so seriously sick, during the march across the Syrian desert, that he had to be left behind at Bagdad, whence he made his way back to America by way of India and China.

The other participants in the expedition were not spared many dangers and disappointments. Even on the journey from Smyrna to Alexandretta, the large French steamship, which carried half the staff of the expedition, was wrecked on the rocky promontory Kerketeos, on the island of Samos. Prince Alexander of Samos, vying in hospitality with his predecessor, Polycrates, liberated the distressed travelers, after a day and a half, from their unhappy plight, and brought them safe and sound to his capital Vathy. But hardly had they landed on the marshy haven, at the foot of the Amanus chain, a few weeks later, to begin their journey inland, when there began that series of illnesses and adventures which are never wanting to the larger expeditions, but which are pleasing to those who go through them only when they are things of the past. Not far from Aleppo our architect was saved from the hands of a highway robber only by the timely arrival of two of his associates. Below Dêr, the well-known horse-market of the Anazeh tribe, while trying to find a watering-place, another member broke through the steep under-washed bank of the Euphrates, and with difficulty escaped drowning.

After following for some thirty days the course of the Euphrates, Bagdad was reached. A fortress founded about 1300 B. C. by King Kurigabzu, in the north of his kingdom, standing a few miles west from Bagdad, and still represented by the imposing ruins of Akarkûf, and the Quai walls of Nebuchadnezzar (B. C. 605-562), were explored. Thence the expedition proceeded past Abu-Habbah to Hillah. Two days' journey southeast from Babylon, a part of it was surprised by an Arab razziah at its frugal meal, and cut off from the caravan, which had gone ahead. Thanks to the speed of their horses, and their own presence of mind, they escaped the treachery and violence of the marauders. The nearer they came to the goal of their journey, the more disturbed the population.

In the vicinity of Nuffar, where the soil is cut up by hundreds of old Babylonian canals, which offered endless difficulties to the advance of a caravan composed of more than a hundred beasts of burden, a crowd of Arabs from Hillah, and forty-six Turkish irregulars, the whole country was inflamed by war. The Bed'ween of the Shammar and Affej tribes were fighting for the pasture-lands, were driving away each other's sheep and camels and were damming the waters of the canals. On the summit of every clay tower, which rises for its protection in every Arab village of that neighborhood, there fluttered a black rag and shrilly sounded the warning cries of terrified women and children over the flat and treeless plain.

The progress along the edge of the marshes was slow enough. Clearer and clearer on the horizon rose the mighty ruins of Nuffar, surmounted by the venerable mound of the collapsed temple of Bel. Amidst the cheerful noise of the caravan, and greeted by the weapon clash and war cries of Affej warriors, who watched the approach of the strange company from a peak of the weather-torn ruins, they took possession of a long, low hill in the center of vast fields of ruins, and established a temporary camp. It was long before the natives got rid of their distrust and satisfied themselves that the Americans had no intention of erecting a new military station out of the bricks of the old walls for the purpose of collecting arrears of taxes.

At the same time the first campaign of the expedition was on the whole a time of disturbance and of agitation. There were days when every one who left the camp wore a revolver in his belt. With a handful of trained Arabs from the neighborhood of Babylon the excavations made a beginning. The entire hill and its surroundings, with the visible remains of the city walls Imgur-Marduk and Nimitti-Marduk, were trigonometrically surveyed; trenches and experimental ditches were determined on scientific principles and driven into the hill; a systematic plan of operations was outlined and discussed, by moonlight or daylight, in all its details. With tact and skill the excited minds of the neighboring tribes were quieted, by enlisting in the service of the expedition members of the most influential branches of the Affej, who numbered about four thousand warriors; and thus new resources were opened to the population of the land. In this way the number of Arabs we had at work gradually increased until it reached four hundred. While some labored in cutting the experimental trenches, and others in collecting the literary documents recovered from the old archives, the work of thoroughly examining the heap of the vast ruins of the temple was pushed on with special vigor. The result was satisfactory in every way, and more than two thousand precious cuneiform documents were secured in the space of a few months.

It now was proposed to bring the campaign to a close. The heat, even on the 8th of March and in the shade of the tent, rose to 108° (Fahrenheit). The insects, multiplying by reason of the proximity of so much stagnant water, became intolerable, while the scorpions began to creep out of their corners; moreover, the provisions of the expedition began to give out. The working season closed more quickly than was either wished or expected. Occasionally a well-planned robbery by Arabs, with especial reference to the horses of the expedition, led to a night skirmish. The sentinels, who night and day occupied the approach to the camp, happily defeated the attempt. Much powder was expended on both sides, but they intention-

ally fired over each other's heads, to avoid the severe laws of Arab blood revenge. In spite of this precaution, one of the Arabs was shot through the heart. The blood-money offered was proudly rejected by the hostile tribe, and an old Arab, employed as a go-between, came back from his mission without effecting anything. But the Americans were equally prompt in refusing to give up the "murderer." The days and nights which followed were full of exciting scenes, and the laborers had to be withdrawn from the trenches to the camp, to make their lives safe.

On the morning of Thursday in Easter week, before the sun rose, the whole expedition was in readiness to vacate the hill and to force their way to Hillah, when, through the treachery of the powerful Affej Shaykh Mukoter, an Arab secretly set the camp on fire, and laid the whole of its straw huts in ashes in the space of five minutes. Half the horses perished in the flames, and weapons and furniture and a considerable sum of money fell into the hands of the thievish Arabs. But all the antiquities were saved, and the expedition, in good order, withdrew in two divisions; one on horseback, past Suk-el-Affej and Dîwânîjeh; the other on boats across the swamps to Tagharah and back to Hillah, where the Weli of Bagdad already had taken steps to come to our assistance with a military force. A few weeks later the cholera broke out in Babylonia, and carried off Mukoter as one of its first victims. During the summer more than fifteen thousand Arabs were carried off by this dreadful scourge—PROF. H. V. HILPRECHT, in *S. S. Times*.

COLONEL W. K. PIER, of Milwaukee died recently. He was the head of an interesting family, numbering himself, wife, and three daughters, all lawyers. The colonel was an old practitioner. His wife and daughter, Kate H. Pier, were graduated together from the law department of the Wisconsin State University in 1887. Miss Kate was the first woman to appear in the Wisconsin Supreme Court, where she had as opponent William F. Vilas. The two other daughters, both said to be beautiful, are also practicing in Milwaukee. Mrs. Pier is a court commissioner.

Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

—*Barry Cornwall.*

In an article in *The Independent*, Bishop Warren aptly says, "Most people seem to live spiritually on about ten cents a day when they might have ten dollars."

Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, each guest being expected to attend in the character of one or other of Scott's heroes. On the eventful night, however, greatly to the astonishment of the assembled Rob Roys and Waverleys, Dickens turned up in ordinary evening dress, and apparently quite unconcerned. At length the host, who was feeling uneasy, came up to the novelist and inquired, "Pray, Mr. Dickens, what character of Scott's can you possibly be supposed to represent?" "Character?" said Dickens. "Why, sir, a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I," he went on smilingly, "am the 'gentle reader.'"

We must not be too eager. The statue of truth is slowly carved out by many chisels. The Angel in the rock appears only after long and patient labor. The prophetic souls of science ever utter the words of Emerson, "Oh, my brother, God exists and there is a soul at the center of life and over the will of every man, so none of us can wrong the universe." —*Solon Lauer.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

The Sonship of Jesus and of Man.

A DISCOURSE TO THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF AUSTIN, TEXAS, BY REV. E. M. WHEELOCK.

This is my Beloved Son. *Matt.* xvii. 5.

When science and religion are joined in harmony, each lends vitality and power to the other. All religion should be made scientific, and all science truly religious. The attempts which are being made by many in this age, to bring about an agreement and concordance between these now hostile and warring powers, involve the highest interests of mankind. Step by step the reconciliation will be made, though first the current creeds must part with their obsolete and outworn dogmas, and science yield many an unproved assumption.

At the present time it is hardly possible to present a theory of Deity that would perfectly satisfy all the demands of a science much of which rests in mere surface knowledge. The understanding may not comprehend the Infinite, while yet the inner spiritual nature may apprehend it, and gain strength and life from the contact. The heart asks for no statement of the Infinite and tolerates no exact definition. God has no nature, but all nature is his manifestation. To deny God is an absurdity, like the denial of existence, because all existence is only the manifestation of God. To define or describe God is equally absurd, for Deity cannot be compassed by any definition.

God can only be spiritually known. Every man is, in his true self, a manifestation of the divine, and as each man's character differs from that of every other, so each man's idea of God differs from that of other men; thus each man has a God or ideal of his own. To him who does not spiritually believe in God, He does not exist, and his existence cannot be demonstrated. To him who feels the divine presence, He is the most real of all beings, and it is useless to prove his existence. Such a man apprehends God by the spiritual sense; thus he is able to realize Him, to identify himself with Him, and for him to deny God would be to deny himself. The great gulf between our finite personal consciousness and the measureless Infinite, can never be bridged by human thought. The intellect cannot span that chasm. But aspiration wings the soul, and ministrant angels bear us up when we venture forward towards the face of God.

We can form no idea of God that is not, to some extent, realized in us. We can worship no God that is not bounded by our conceptions, and we can conceive of nothing in him that is not actually existent in the spiritual and divine powers that are latent in each of us. The highest image that we can form of God, is only what we are capable of becoming; this is not the *all* of God, for He is infinite, but it is all that we, being finite, can know of Him. The soul of man is part of the universal over-soul. The human spirit is an atom, a monad, in the Infinite spirit, and the whole is in each of its parts, even as a cup of water holds all the sea.

There is a unity in the sublime life of spirit, and though man cannot measure or define the Infinite, he can know it, because he is of it. The inmost soul or psychic principle in man is the offspring of the universal soul, and is an expression, under finite conditions, of the Creative Spirit. Thus the spirit of man shares in a degree the attributes of the world-making Power. It is made in the image of God, and, so far, is God. It is made capable of knowing God, and to that extent of becoming God. On this high level stood Jesus of Nazareth, and to that level he, as the eldest born among many brethren, invites us all. But the trouble is, we content ourselves with looking up instead of going up. We call him the Divine Man, forgetting that this means the divine *in* man. When we hear his words: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," we hear as those who do not comprehend. We do not understand that, in all his life, he spoke no word as personal to himself, but only in his representative character as the Son of Man—the head and front of humanity—the type and prophecy of the sleeping possibilities of our common human nature. It is he who shows divinity in time.

Jesus was glorified with the Father before the world was, and so were we and all other men. Whatever is true of Jesus is true of man! The difference between him and ourselves is this: We remain on the stationary, stagnant natural plane, living in the outward, on the surface of things, immersed in self and sense; our ideal is selfish comfort, luxury and wealth. He steadfastly followed the inward voice wherever it led him; making his Father's business his own; losing himself in his race, concentrating all his powers in one transcendant, unceasing life-effort to speak, think and act only from the highest within him, till he was transfigured, being infilled and uplifted with Deity. Thus he became the well-beloved Son of God, the champion and leader of the race, who from spiritual heights reaches down the hand of help and beckons us to follow. So must we do. Each son of man in his place and lot must grow into the measure and likeness of a well-beloved Son of God. This is the shining destiny of man, which, though he may for a time delay, he cannot prevent nor avoid.

For this end came each of us into the world; and though we may wander far from our spiritual home, and though we may pass through a hundred lives in as many different worlds, we shall be confronted at every step by our neglected calling, till the soul, beggared of its rainbow illusions, burdened with sorrowful experiences, oppressed with want and hunger which all the husks of animal life cannot satisfy, "comes at last to itself," saying, "I will arise and go to my Father!" Blessed are those who wait not for the spirit's dire extremity to find divine opportunity, but like Jesus turn to God and goodness today and every day.

At the inward summit of our being is the spirit or psychic man, which is in constant union with the Divine Spirit, for it fills the point where our individual, personal existence touches the unknown Infinite, and our being rises into the immeasurable heavens. This supreme level of the soul is the divine realm of human nature, where the boundary line that marks off our individuality from the God-head is but faintly drawn, so that where the finite ends and the Infinite begins, *no man can say*. On this plane of interior life each one of us is a finite termination of the Universal Spirit, distinct but not separate, just as the air in this room is distinct from the boundless outer atmosphere, yet the same in kind, and not severed or sundered from it. This interior germ of spirit at first is latent and above our consciousness. To become conscious of its presence, to realize it, to recognize it as the actual divine man, the living image of God in us and as our real self, to

obey it and follow it though all the world say nay—this is the aim of our creation and this the fruition of our lives.

When we stand on this highest level of spiritual life, the deep and divine experiences of Jesus become ours, for we too are of the family of God, and can attain unto sonship. To hear and obey the still small voice in the hidden depths of our being, is eternal life. This is salvation, and any other is but spurious. From this dome of the Temple of God in man, this Supreme height and inmost depth of life, where the human being becomes intermingled with that of God, Jesus speaking for all men said, "The Father is in me and I am in the Father"; for He is the revelation of what God is and of what man is to be. In no wise is Deity different from the revelation of Himself in Jesus Christ. He that hath seen him seeth the Father, for the justice of the Father is nothing else than the love of the cross.

Now, to perceive intellectually that there is in man a region of being in which Divinity dwells, and which isnever invaded by evil or sin, is not difficult; but how can we make it real to our consciousness, how can we feel it to be vitally true? To Jesus this truth of a divine center in man, was the most real thing in the world, and other steadfast souls, in all ages and all religious faiths, have partially attained—have received the logos and have become sons of God. We shall not find the path too hard for our willing feet. When God offers, the sole condition of receiving is a willingness to receive. If we had sought eternal life with one half the earnestness that men exhibit in seeking riches, we should long ages ago have found it. The divine presence is not afar. When we have discovered our true self, we have found it. *I am it; it is you!*

"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man open the door I will come into him and sup with him." The universal oversoul, which is the risen spiritual Christ, knocks at our inner door which opens from the Holy of Holies in us where He dwells; if we open this barred and guarded door, and no power in the universe but ourselves can open it, He will pass forth from the innermost recess of the mind into the outer chambers, and even the external courts of our experience. "There is a guidance for each of us and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word."

The earnest question of the human soul, "Whence and what am I?" finds in the words and life of Jesus this memorable answer, "Man is the begotten of God,—is God's child." Fruitful and immortal truth! The son of Mary was not the first, indeed, even in his own land and nation, to apply the term "Father" to the Deity. The universal instinct of man prompted, through all ages, the endearing name, and nations like children learned to lisp the word "Father" in their religious infancy. But Jesus infused into the name a meaning unknown before—a brooding tenderness which the dearest human relations can but faintly typify. "What man among you, if his child ask for bread, will give him a stone, and if ye, though evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father?" With Jesus the name meant a nearness only to be imaged by the words: "I and my Father are one." He was conscious of his Divine parentage—saw that he was the beloved son of God—lived as a son of God in simple, filial relations with his Father, obeying the still small voice which he heard in the deeps of his being. From him we learn that the purest aspirations, and the loftiest ideals within the breast, are the sacred voice of God. The mighty results which Jesus achieved are a perpetual encouragement to us—that is, if the Redeemer is man and we recognize with him our own sonship to God. What man has done I may hope to do, but not what wholly divine and incomprehensible beings have done. The Redeemer is our brother—humanity claims him as the fairest flower in all her garden of the ages. This perfect son of God is also son of man. This is indeed Gospel-good news!

When the theologian, nursed at the breast of the dark ages, tells me that mankind lies under the curse of a wrathful God, and that the garden of our humanity has grown only weeds, I point to Jesus as my sole reply! I point to the man who dared to trust his own soul; who believed in God's perpetual, blessed presence with man; and who lived in simple obedience to the living word, which forever and forever cometh down from heaven into the hearts of men. Jesus teaches us that man is man only as God stands in him.

In the doctrine of the wondrous Peasant of Judea, no longer stands the eternal God with infinite unlikeness, at impassable distance, from the children He has made. We bear a likeness to Him. All spirits are of one family. The mind of God is similar to the mind of man. Love no longer means one thing in us and another thing in God. Holiness, justice, tenderness, truth and pity—these are the same in kind in the Infinite that they are in the lowliest man. Through the truth of the perfect manhood of Jesus, we reach the truth *of the human heart of God!* The sublime thought of Jesus stands for the humanity of God and the divinity of man.

When the Father is slandered and man is despaired of—when it is proclaimed from ten thousand pulpits that he cannot live purely, live divinely, while on earth—that he is too weak and base to break the fetters of worldy custom, error and sin, we turn to him who in that cramped, enslaved, priest-ridden land of Palestine, lived on the heavenly heights of life—who bowed not his royal head before the rules of fashion, usage and law, but to the divine instinct that spoke as with God's voice within him, who was not content with his countrymen, to trace his lineage back to Abraham, but dared to avouch Deity as his father, and, revering his sonship, wrought out day by day, against the self-righteous hate of lineage and of race, a life worthy of his divine descent. Thus in Christ-God becomes man and man becomes God. Jesus was the divine man revealing the human God. He was the manifestation of Deity and the revelation of man.

With such an example of the possibilities of human life, standing before us at the point where our common human nature rises into divinity—at the point where the heavens meet the earth, and blend their higher life and light with our lower plane of existence, we go on our way with cheer and hope. Hand in hand our leader walks with us. He assures us that the helping spirit of the father dwells in *us* also, as in him; and when the hills of life grow too steep for our climbing, he shows us the wings of faith and love, which we like him possess; and we too are borne onward and upward.

If we accept in its full, rich significance the teachings of Jesus that man is the son of God and that the Divine Spirit dwells in him, we shall never see shadow or eclipse in all our spiritual sky. When we hear him say, "The kingdom of God is at hand," we look for no outward manifestation, we are taught that all there is or can be of what men call heaven is already in us. It is there as a *germ*. The kingdom is within man. It is therefore within the reach or at hand. If we listen to the words, "Father, I know that thou hearest me always," we realize that we are hearing a universal truth, for our inmost spirit is the son of God in each of us, and the Father always heareth the son. When he who had not where to lay his head, sublimely said, "The Father giveth all things into my hand, and all that He gives shall come to me," we make no mystery of the high utterance, for we feel in our hearts that to the simple, trusting, utterly filial spirit that the teacher typified, all things are given of the Father, and to it all shall finally come. If we hear him saying, "I, when I am lifted up, shall draw all men to me," we feel that we are listening to a truth so simple and so universal that none need misunderstand.

Let but the pure thought of Jesus, the truth of humanity which he taught, and which men speaking in his name have marred and mangled more than his poor body was mutilated on the cross,—let this be shown to us divested of pietism and superstition, and all that is manly and true in our common human nature will lift itself to welcome it. The self-righteous scribe and Pharisee called Jesus "blasphemer," because he dared to say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; the son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." But the lowly Nazarene exercised the power of forgiveness by means of a projection into him of the infinite attribute of forgiveness. And so can every true man do, each from his own place in the human world. When a man really forgives his brother, God forgives through him; for unless God be in a man, no man can absolutely forgive.

When we come to understand the thought of Jesus, the conflict between conscience and outward authority settles itself. God speaks within, in the clear and deep convictions of the soul. We are to count that voice as supreme over all external commands, whether of rulers, of majorities, of Scriptures or of creeds. For we have learned that while Deity may speak to man through outward agencies, he issues private commands to each in the soul. Upon our highest convictions, the seal of Deity is stamped, and other teachings however welcomed as subordinate aids, must never smother this inward oracle. When we refuse to follow the clear word of reason and conscience, we disown and disavow God. "For there is a spirit which beareth witness with our spirits"; "there is a God not far from any one of us"; "there is a light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—*every man*, not Paul only, not John only, but you and me as well. The most commonplace life is divine if we live it with him. Ought not we too, to be about our Father's business?

I know there are obstacles to the full reception of the doctrine of the despised outcast of Galilee. Now, as of old, the path of the true man lies from Nazareth straight through Jerusalem to the judgment seat of the elders and the Calvary of the world's hate and scorn; for now, as of old, the chief priests and Pharisees do not believe in the divine sonship of the soul. But we cannot close our ears to the heavenly voice, nor reject the pleading witness of the spirit. *He* did not reject it whose loving life was faithful to the cruel end. *One* son of God there was, true to his divine descent! He walked where the spirit led him, whether to the temptation in the wilderness, the agony of the garden, the death of the cross! If we but tread, with earnest feet, that straight and narrow path, which begins in duty and ends in God, there will come a moment in

our experience when the heavens will be opened to us also; we shall see the spirit descending like a dove of peace, and shall hear the voice of the Father, saying, "Ye, too, are my beloved sons!"

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Sun.—Only largest souls are able to discern and love sincerity of purpose amid the bungling feebleness of achievement.

Mon.—If we knew ourselves, we should not judge each other harshly.

Tues.—Everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labor.

Wed.—Our daily familiar life is but a hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds.

Thurs.—Our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.

Fri.—The law is sacred. Yes, but rebellion may be sacred too.

Sat.—The right to rebellion is the right to seek a higher rule, not to wander in mere lawlessness.

—*Geo. Eliot.*

Troubled.

Nobody saw me do it,
Nobody came that way,
When I found the box on the closet shelf
Where the cakes for supper lay.

Nobody told me not to,
Nobody knows but myself,
But, O! I wish that cake I took
Was back again on the shelf.

Nobody knows my trouble,
Nobody ever would guess
That a cake could cause a little girl
So much unhappiness.

Nobody can tell mother
Who took it from the shelf—
But I know, before I go to sleep,
I'll have to tell her myself!

—*Ella Randall Pearce.*

Up Hill.

"Does the road wind up hill all the way?"
"Yes, to the very end."
"Will the day's journey take the whole long day?"
"From morn to night, my friend."

"But is there for the night a resting place,
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?"
"You cannot miss that inn."

"Shall I meet other wayfarers at night,
Those who have gone before?
Then must I knock or call when just in sight?"
"They will not keep you standing at that door."

"Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?"
"Of labor you shall find the sum."
"Will there be beds for me and all who seek?"
"Yes, beds for all who come."

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The Blackbird Family.

The purple grackle, or crow blackbird, is one of our earliest and most fearless visitors, and he is as droll as an old-fashioned negro. One of these birds that had built near the house used to treat me with the greatest contempt and pomposity. If I came near he would look scornfully at me with his white eye, turn his back and give vent to a "squee gee" which I interpreted to mean either "get out" or "shut up." They are most solicitous for their young, and it is during the nesting season that these much-maligned birds do incalculable good by killing millions of injurious grubs, worms and insects.

These birds are most gregarious, forming perfect blackbird cities in the tops of trees. He and the fishhawk have a strange friendship for one another, often three or four pairs of these birds building their nests in the straggling outskirts of the hawk's large nest, and they unite in protecting one another.

The red-winged blackbirds are the most independent of birds, as far as the two sexes are concerned. The dull-brown-streaked females come up in flocks some time after the males have arrived, and as soon as the breeding season is over they separate again, the males going to the marshes, while the females seek shelter in the woods, but always near water. They nest in marshy places, and insist on plenty of water.

The cowbird is undoubtedly the most unpopular of this class of birds, simply from the fact that no nest is built, the egg always being placed in the nest of some vireo, warbler or sparrow, and the rearing of one of these birds means the loss of at least two song birds, for they always smother or push out of the nest the rightful owners. The popular idea that the foster parents are unaware of the strange egg is doubtful. I believe it to be another instance of the great good nature of birds to the young of any sort. The cowbirds nearly kill with overwork whatever birds they have been foisted on. I have seen two sparrows call in the aid of a fly catcher to feed a dingy youngster.

The bobolink, who later in the year becomes the reed, or rice bird, is a handsome bird in his plumage of black and white and buff. The female is a quieter-colored bird. While breeding they are voracious insect eaters, but when they get down to the rice marshes it is almost impossible to drive them away. A hawk seems to be the only thing they are afraid of.

The Baltimore oriole is one of the most beautiful and best-known birds. Their long, pendant, woven nests are known to every one, and it is wonderful how the bird, with only its beak, can build such a splendid structure. They have been known to use wire in the structure of their nests.

The meadow lark, one of the largest of this family, is a wonderful chorister, sitting on a fence rail, carolling forth its quivering, silvery song. All these birds, except the orioles, walk while hunting for food, and do not hop as most other birds do.—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

LIVE WITH THE CHILDREN.—For the comfort and courage from books on child nature, histories of the early ages, philosophies and systems of education, let us all be truly thankful; but when we come to the individual child nothing will take the place of love, of sweet confidence between parent and child, of earnest attempts to understand the riddle at hand. It is hard to always keep the attitude of observation, and not fall back upon some idea we may concoct in our own heads about children. Such misconception, it seems to me, is what brings about lack of sympathy, misunderstandings, what parents call naughtiness, and is often only the child's resentment of the lack of sympathy. I look at my three-year-old daughter, and feel myself grow gray in the attempt to do justice, to love mercy and walk humbly with my child. We mothers and fathers ought to be more sincere with each other when we meet, more honest about our mistakes, less apt to see merely the ludicrous side of children's acts. The manner in which thoughts are first presented to the child mind will be the lens from which will flow all light gained later. The little thought seeds, the little deed roots, the slender aspiration stems all grow and gather strength before blossoms can be expected. Thinking of the blossoms, can we be too careful of the seeds?—ALICE TURNER MERRY, in *The Kindergarten.*

A mother was puzzled to hear her boy singing over and over, "See, 'tis so so that he sows his body and feet." His kindergarten teacher, when asked about it, concluded he must be trying to sing the song of the farmer, where he "sows his barley and wheat."

A CORRESPONDENT of an English paper gives an interesting account of a visit to Mr. Gladstone's library at Hawarden, which he calls "The Temple of Peace." The buildings form a little group, consisting of the library, a corrugated iron structure; the hostel, originally a school building, now appropriated to the accommodation of visitors and students, and the parish church. The library contains twenty-five thousand volumes, each one placed upon the shelves by Mr. Gladstone's own hands, and arranged according to subjects. Every department of literature is represented, but by far the larger proportion—about one third of the whole—are theological works, liturgies and hymnals. Many of these have been annotated by Mr. Gladstone himself, and one of the rules of the place is that these marginal notes shall not be copied, lest an interpretation which was not intended should be given to his reflections. It is hoped that the library and hostel may become a center of usefulness, either as affording a place of rest and change to the clergy, or as providing a home for students, or a retreat for authors while engaged in literary work.

THAT digestion and food assimilated by the human body is really a species of combustion, as, of course, nearly every one knows, and that the human stomach may be well-likened to a furnace in which certain quantities of fuel must be burned to accomplish certain purposes, has received a new and very interesting demonstration by M. Pictet, who of late has carried out a series of striking low temperature experiments. The most recent of these related particularly to heat radiation from the human body. As described before the French Academy of Sciences, he placed himself, well protected with furs, in a huge tube of which the temperature could be reduced to as low a point as 130 degrees centigrade. His head alone remained outside, since the breathing in of air as cold as this would be seriously injurious. At a temperature of 50 degrees the furs were found to arrest radiation, which fact explains the resistance to cold exhibited by polar animals. Below—70 degrees the heat passed through the furs, but no special sensation of cold was felt. Nature at this point came into action by exciting internal phenomena of combustion and digestion, so that in about four minutes the sensation of hunger was experienced. In fact, M. Pictet asserted that in this way he was cured of dyspepsia, from which he had suffered for several years, eight sittings in a tube cooled down to—110 degrees having sufficed for the purpose. We have here, therefore, a decidedly novel exhibition of thermo-dynamic functions going on within our bodies.—*Cassier's Magazine* for March.

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Correspondence

Broad Minded Men.

TO THE EDITOR:

Dr. Alfred W. Momerie, the eminent Church of England divine, is quite as broad minded a religionist as that distinguished pulpit orator, Frederick W. Robertson. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. Robertson wrote in 1849, as follows: "Is it not melancholy that the popular religion only represents the female element in the national mind, and that hence it is at once devotional, slanderous, timid, gossiping, narrow, shrinking and prudish?" Dr. Momerie's declaration that "We shall discover that many so-called atheists are, after all, more religious than ourselves," indicates that the righteous are not all inside the sectarian ranks. Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, Scotland, like the great Emerson, extends a warm welcome to scientific investigators. He says: "Instead of robbing the world of God, science has done more than all the philosophies and natural theologies to sustain the theistic conception, * * it has given us a more Godlike God. The author of "Natural Religion" tells us that the average scientific man worships at present a more awful, and, as it were, a greater Deity than the average Christian." Evidently Prof. Drummond is no bigot. Theodore T. Munger, D.D., Congregationalist, of New Haven, Conn., does honor to that church by his broad-minded views. He says: "A theology that puts everything it can understand into one list and everything it cannot understand into the other, and then makes faith turn upon accepting this division,—such a theology does not command the assent of those minds who express themselves in literature; the poet, the man of genius, the broad and universal thinker pass it by; they stand too near God to be deceived by such renderings of His truth. All the while these children of light have made their protest; and it is through them that the chief gains in theological thought have been secured."

What a contrast are the utterances of such great minded scholars when compared with some of the declarations of some of the belated clergymen of the day who ask: "What religion can wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand?" What a contrast between Dr. Munger and Rev. Joseph Cook,—the former an enlightened scholar, his heart in touch with the whisperings of the divine voice which wanders earth with spiritual aspirations, the other an exponent of the pernicious husks of a barbarous age.

Let us hope that the eminent Jewish rabbi, Dr. Koehler, of New York, is right when he says: "God judges nations and classes by their best and noblest types." J. H. S.

Northwestern, Ohio.

The Study Table

FIAT SILVER: ITS RUINOUS EFFECTS SHOWN IN HISTORY. By Robert H. Vickers. (Vol. I. of American Politics.) Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 115 pp.; 25 cents.

This is a rapid survey of the history of the attempts to fix arbitrarily the value of money in the Roman Empire, France, England, China and the United States. It is too hasty to be very satisfactory, and assumes without sufficient proof that the distress described was the result of the fiat money; but, after all deductions are made, it strongly intimates, if it does not prove, that it is unwise and injurious to attempt to fix a ratio between coins that does not correspond with their market value. Anything which enforces this truth is of value at the present time.

F. W. S.

THE MISSISSIPPI BASIN. By Justin Winsor, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

If there be anything in the way of scholarship in American history to surpass the thoroughness of Mr. Winsor it has not been our fortune to discover it. His "Narrative and Critical History of America," in eight royal octavo volumes, was sold only by subscription. It was too massive a work to be in the hands of general readers; but it is a marvelous piece of work. It was, however, not entirely the work of Mr. Winsor, but brought out by his editorship. His "Cartier to Frontnac" and his "Christopher Columbus" brought him closer to the public. The present volume should in every sense be considered popular. The work of Parkman is now supplemented and completed. It gives us the struggle that took place between England and France from 1697 to 1768, to gain control of the American Continent; with full cartographical illustrations from contemporary sources. Because Mr. Winsor is so intensely a scholar, it must not be supposed that his style is labored or heavy. On the contrary, his passages are clear cut and often eloquent. No finer description of Braddock's defeat exists. At last we read history that is not "one half conjecture and one half opinion." E. P. P.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By John Bach McMaster. New York: Appleton & Co.

This is the one most gossipy, most real, most readable, most scholarly history of the United States yet produced. It lacks the peculiar enthusiasm of Schouler's work; but it is far more free from partisanship than those brilliant volumes. Compare the accounts given by each of the treason and the trial of Burr, and you find the same judicial handling of facts; but if you turn to the discussion of more recent events, especially to any era involving the discussion of slavery, you find that McMaster is better capable of writing impartially and as an American. The fourth volume, bringing the history down to 1821, closes with the opening scene of the mighty struggle that ended in 1861—just forty years of conflict from the Missouri conflict until it was proved true, as Lincoln foretold, that "this Union could not continue one half slave and one half free labor." Every picture drawn by McMaster has fulness of detail, but not a surfeit of useless facts. It is the best history for the scholar's table, for the family and for general reference.

E. P. P.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. By Ellinor Merion. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 291 pp.; 75 cents.

This is one of those well-written, uncomfortable stories characteristic of the present time. Some call them immoral; but if true, are they immoral? Perhaps they are the more immoral because they are half true—much more than half true. The Russian stands in literature today for the man of passion,—the being whose impulses the varnish of civilization has done little to control; a being who feels keenly and sees with remarkable clearness one thing at a time, but who—a victim of the conflict between the ideas belonging to the simple life of the semi-barbarian, which make so large a part of his inheritance and environment, and the ideas which belong to that high civilization which he has recently acquired from without—has no satisfactory philosophy of life, no *Weltanschauung*, and so, unable to see life whole, is full of restlessness and brings much suffering to those in whose life he plays a prominent part. Such an one is the hero of this story, and it seems impossible to say whether that which is best or that which is worst in him does most to injure the life of the English girl who loves him.

Life is not as simple as the old story-writers would have it, and it is not merely to external events but to our own inner life that we have to look for the tragic. So much the *fin de siecle* writer is right in impressing upon us. He is right, too, in insisting that neither intellectual sympathy nor ethical respect nor purely spiritual affinity nor all of these together constitute love; but he is wrong in the undue emphasis he so often places upon that more purely physical element which is undoubtedly a very real part of the love that exists between man and woman. Appreciating, as the modern writer does, in a manner, the wonderful complexity of human life and human love, he or she should be more chary of attempting to represent it. Love is a part of the whole man, and he who is under its influence is most truly human. To be human is to be social. That is not love which makes one indifferent to all of life that is not bound up in his relation to one other individual; and to so represent it is immoral. As there is something of this in the book under consideration, it is in so far immoral. But there is much

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of truth in it also, and of truth that we ought to face. F. W. S.

The Magazines.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for August 10 contains a very interesting account, from the *London Quarterly Review*, of Sir William Petty, one of the most distinguished men of the seventeenth century, who literally made his own way in the world by his industry and versatility, rising from cabin boy to member of the Royal Society, and distinguishing himself as mathematician, physician, boat-builder and administrator, and earning the respect and admiration of both Cromwell and the Stuarts.

LEND-A-HAND for August contains an editorial on "The Submerged Tenth," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and articles on "Our Juvenile Delinquents," by Rev. M. McG. Dana, D.D.; "The Fraternal Council of Jamaica Plain," apparently by Rev. C. F. Dole; "The Growth of Inter-Nationalism," by Benj. F. Trueblood, LL. D. (a very instructive, albiet very brief, account of the progress made in settling international difficulties without resort to war); "Humane Progress in History," by Herman F. Hegner; "Boy's Clubs," by Cyrus C. Lathrop; "Where He Belongs," by Dr. Hale; "Improved Method of Nursing," by Miss Louise Darche; "The Permanent Improvement of Neighborhoods," by Miss Clare De Graffenried, of the U. S. Dept. of Labor; and notes on Dwellings of the Poor, A Free Sanitarium, Romabai Association, Hull House, A Jewish Orphanage, Manassas Industrial School, Industrial Aid Society, Law and Order, Cottage Sanitarium, and Manual Training Dept. of State Normal School at Montgomery, Ala.

THE CHAP-BOOK for August 15 contains a well put word on criticism, by Arthur Waugh, echoing Matthew Arnold's denunciation of "The Superlative in Criticism."

IN the *Review of Reviews* for August Jacob A. Riis, the author of "How the Other Half Lives," tells the dramatic story of "The Clearing of Mulberry Bend,"—the rise and fall of a typical New York slum. He points out that the old ramshackle, disease-breeding pile of tenements known as the "Bend," now cleared away, had its mission in the world; not for New York only, but for the whole country. By its lessons every American city may profit—"must, indeed," says Mr. Riis, "lest it pay the penalties New York has paid, with usury that has yet many years to run."

A SECOND and concluding article on Apparatus for Extinguishing Fires, by John G. Morse, will be printed in *The Popular Science Monthly* for September. Water-towers, hose and hose fittings, ladders, etc., will be considered in this article, which, like its predecessor, is to be copiously illustrated. The Closing Struggle in the advance of the higher criticism will be described by Dr. Andrew D. White. This period embraces the labors and persecution of Bishop Colenso, Theodore Parker, and Ernest Renan, together with important contemporary events. The question whether a child is naturally moral or immoral will be taken up by Professor James Sully. This article will be devoted to primitive Egoism and Altruism, and will show that many of a child's acts that seem perverse or cruel are explained when we try to look at things from the child's personal standpoint. Herbert Spencer will consider the Biographer, Historian, and Litterateur, showing that their professions like others already discussed are derived from the functions of the primitive priest.

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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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Miscellanea.

How the Poor Live in Paris.

To get enough to eat is not the chief difficulty, for that can always be done with a little ingenuity. For instance, there are here 20,000 soldiers continually under arms housed in huge barracks in different quarters of the city, for whose support enormous supplies of provisions are required. Naturally there is a great amount of surplus or unconsumed victuals. Instead of being destroyed or sold, these are given away to whoever chooses to ask for them. All one has to do is to *faire queue* (stand in line) early in the morning at the doors of the *casernes*, to have a bountiful supply. Free soupis distributed at the *asiles de nuit*. Then at the great Halles, or Central Market, where the meat received from the *abatoirs* is cut up, the butchers and market gardeners sell a soup made from the scraps of meat and unsold vegetables which, though not very clean, is still palatable and wholesome; and one can get a breakfast for two sous. At night, if a man has exhausted his ticket for three successive lodgings at the *asile de nuit*, he can find a room in some of the large barrack-like buildings of which there are two or three in Paris, immense buildings divided off into small rooms, where a night's lodging can be had for forty or fifty centimes. Or he can walk out to St. Denis where these gold ing houses are more frequent and the price cheaper.

The difficulty of finding a place to sleep is the chief one of those without resources or employment who try to live in Paris. Some cross the river to a famous "zinc," or bar, so called from the material of which the drink-counter is made, and there take a glass of absinthe or other liquor, which entitles the customer to a seat at one of the little tables with which the place is filled. Then, occasionally sipping his glass, he will put his forearms on the table, lay his head down on his hands, and sleep by fits and starts until morning. For it is an unwritten law of the *cafes* that a man cannot be disturbed while taking his *consommation*, even if he pays only three cents for his drink and takes all day to finish it. In the place I am speaking of they pay four sous a glass, and thus get a night's sleep, more or less comfortable, and are not disturbed, because this is the very object the "patron" has in view, and he is said to derive a good revenue from it. Up to within a few years there existed a large room in Montmartre where the lodgers sleep on the floor for three sous a night.—*The Chautauquan.*

Home-Thrust.

It is said that the saying, "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young," which has passed into an historical witticism, was first spoken by Dr. Johnson in reference to Lord Mansfield. An amusing little incident is said to have given rise to the remark.

Lord Mansfield, having received his education entirely in England, always considered himself an Englishman, but the fact that he was born in Scotland was once referred to with great effect.

General Sabine, governor of Gibraltar at the time, having failed in his attempts to extort money from a Jew, sent him back by force to Tetuan, in Morocco, from whence he had come to Gibraltar. The Jew afterward went to England, and sued the governor for damages.

Lord Mansfield, who was then known as Mr. Murray, was counsel for the governor.

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Railway Statistics.

From the Seventh Statistical Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that for the year ending June 30, 1894, of which an abstract has been issued by the department, we learn that while there were more passengers carried because of the World's Fair than in the previous year, yet in the general business done, the amount earned and the number of employees, there was a great falling off.

The total number of railway employees on June 30, 1894, was 779,608, a decrease, as compared with the number on June 30, 1893, of 93,994, or 10.76 per cent. This is a smaller number employed than in any year since 1890. This decrease is, of course, due to the heavy falling off in traffic and the endeavor of the railways to economize. On the basis of four persons being dependent on each wage earner, it shows that over one-third of a million of people have been deprived of their regular means of support. The class of employees showing the greatest decrease are trackmen, the decrease for this class being 29,443, or 16.34 per cent; the next largest decrease is 19,890, or 18.91 per cent, for laborers and other unclassified employees. The decrease in employees assigned to general administration was 3,635, or 10.27 per cent; in employees assigned to maintenance of way and structures 40,841, or 15.94 per cent; in employees assigned to maintenance of equipment 23,490, or 13.38 per cent; and in employees assigned to conducting transportation 32,023, or 8.05 per cent. Localized, the largest decrease is in Group VI, 26,168, or 15.36 per cent, and Group III comes second with a decrease of 20,680, or 14.99 per cent. A new feature in this report is a table giving a comparative statement of the average daily compensation of the various classes of railway employees for 1892, 1893 and 1894. For 1894 the average daily compensation was, for general officers $9.71, other officers $5.75, general office clerks $2.34, station agents $1.75, other station men $1.63, enginemen $3.61, firemen $2.03, conductors $3.04, other train men $1.89, machinists $2.21, carpenters $2.02, other shopmen $1.69, section foremen $1.71, other trackmen $1.18, switchmen, flagmen and watchmen $1.75, telegraph operators and dispatchers $1.93, and employees of floating equipment $1.97.

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about 3,000 years B. C. The letters are all formed by combinations of a stroke with a head to it, like a barb, or a wedge. By the labors of recent scholars the meaning of tablets and inscriptions written in this way can be deciphered. Then there are the papyri, or paper books of Egypt. Papyrus is a flowering reed growing luxuriantly in the still waters and marshes of the Nile. There are specimens of it to be seen in the basins of our parks in New York. The pith of this reed is taken out, flattened and gummed together so as to make long pages and rolls. The Greek for this natural paper is *byblos*, hence our Bible. These rolls of papyrus are then filled with writing. The writing of Egypt was hieroglyphic, or produced by a series of pictures of different natural objects. The trustees of the British Museum have recently obtained a roll of papyrus written out by an Egyptian scribe called Ani. He lived more than 1,300 years B. C., *i. e.*, about 3,200 years ago. Every chapter of the book is illustrated by vignettes of extraordinary beauty. In this respect it resembles one of the illuminated parchments of monkish times. The colors laid on so carefully by the skilful brush of Ani, although most delicate, are apparently as fresh today as ever they were. A group of weeping women, which forms part of the first vignette, is particularly well done. The book itself is a copy of the Book of the Dead, which contains prayers and devotions relating to the condition of the disembodied soul. For the Egyptians believed in the soul's immortality.

The trustees of the British Museum are going to have this old book reproduced by the press, with all its colors. There will be a full description of the vignettes, or translation and introductions. Thus we shall be able to read old Ani's work 3,000 years after he wrote it. Homer is almost a modern author in comparison.

Look out for imitations of Dobbins Electric Soap. There are lots of adulterated soaps not worthy of a trade mark of their own. See that every wrapper has Dobbins on it. Take no other.

The Death of Washington.

An interesting historical paper has recently been published, giving an account of the death of George Washington. The account was written by Washington's private secretary, Tobias Lear, who was with him during his last hours.

Washington took cold from exposure while riding about his plantation, and woke at three o'clock in the morning with a chill, high fever, and every symptom of pneumonia. He would not permit his wife to summon help until the fires were lighted in the house, lest she should take cold, and therefore remained without any attention for several hours. The overseer was then summoned, who "took a half-pint of blood from him."

Mixtures of molasses, vinegar and butter were given, but to no effect. Gargles of sage-tea and bandages of flannel about his throat proved equally useless. A physician arrived, bled him again, and ordered the same gargle, which "produced great distress and suffocation."

Another physician arrived, and bled him again, administering drugs which also seemed still more to weaken the patient. Finding that the general was rapidly sinking, and feeling that the country would hold them responsible for the care of his life, the alarmed physicians consulted anxiously, and as a last resort—bled him once more!

Washington, feeling himself to be dying,

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Stambuloff.

Stephen Miolaf Stambuloff was born at Tirnowa in 1853, and his parents intended him for the Church. But his ambition was too great for the life of a priest, and he entered into politics while yet a theological student. He started a rebellion against the Turks in 1875, which, however, failed. Stambuloff then fled, and entered the Russian army as a volunteer. When Bulgaria became a partially independent country under Alexander, Prince of Battenberg, Stambuloff was chosen leader of the Liberal Party, and did his best to oppose Russian influence. His ideal was Bulgaria for the Bulgarians. When Russia forced the knightly Alexander to resign, Stambuloff put the whole weight of his influence in favor of Ferdinand of Coburg, and as this gave him almost dictatorial power, he put down all revolutionary movements with an iron hand. His most prominent victim was Major Panitza, who, in 1890, was leader of those Bulgarians who believed that their interests were best served by keeping on good terms with Russia. Shortly after this Minister Beltshew was murdured, having been mistaken for Stambuloff in the dark. Stambuloff retaliated by executing four of the leaders of the Opposition, although Europe protested. He continued to follow his plan to make Bulgaria an independent kingdom, caused coin to be struck bearing Prince Ferdinand's name, succeeded in obtaining a loan for Bulgaria, and married the prince to Marie Louis of Parma. Ferdinand, however, feared that his throne would be very unstable if he made Russia his enemy, especially as he knew that the other powers are unwilling to risk their soldiers in a struggle for the preservation of a Balkan dynasty. Stambuloff was forced to resign, and was even kept under bonds to answer the charge of tyranny. The friends of Major Panitza never forgave Stambuloff, and attacked him again July 15, inflicting wounds of which the "Bismarck of Bulgaria" died three days after.

Hurry in Recreation.

The spirit of hurry in recreations destroys the best good they have in store for us. It unsettles the attention, distracts the observant powers, fritters the thoughts, and confuses the impressions. We visit a picture gallery, for example, resolved to omit nothing, though our time is limited. So we walk hastily through, looking at each picture in turn and receiving only a jumble of images in our mind, without definiteness or coherence. Had we devoted the short time at our disposal to one or two of the best or most interesting works of art, we might have carried away a vivid and lasting impression in our memory, while entirely avoiding the mental fatigue of our hurried struggle to see the whole. So in travel. This nervous haste to go everywhere spoils the best results of our excursions. Conscious of the swift

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A select party is being organized for a journey to the Bermuda Islands later in the year. A well known lady, married, will chaperone it and is making the entire arrangements. Young ladies especially will thus find an excellent opportunity to make a fine trip. The best credentials are given by the lady and are expected in return. The cost of the round trip from New York and return, including steamship and hotel bills, carriage hire, tips, incidentals, will be $150. The party will be limited to about twelve people and anyone desiring to go had better make an early application. Further information may be obtained by addressing "Bermuda," care of this office.

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CENTENNIAL OF THE HOUSE NUMBER.—Berlin is preparing to fete the hundredth birthday of the house number. In the London and Paris of a century ago ciphered houses did not exist. The coat-of-arms, the house name, or the signboard were the only indications to guide our ancestors' wandering feet by day or dark. "Watchman, what of the night, and where the deuce am I?" must often have been the cry of these bewildered minds. Berlin began to number houses n 1795. Starting from the Brandenburg Gate, the Prussian ediles counted straight on to infinity, neither beginning afresh with fresh streets nor numbering the houses by odds and evens. Vienna adopted the latter reform in 1803, and Paris followed in 1805. The ciphered house came one hundred years ago; the ciphered citizen is surely coming. Already a postal service is being formed in Vienna to suppress all names and addresses, and to deliver letters by a system of private marks and identity tickets.—*Pall Mall.*

Baalbec's Ruins.

The ruins of Baalbec, the ancient metropolis of Syria, especially those on the "platform" where the temples stood, are the grandest in the orient. The platform referred to above and upon which the largest of the famous Baalbec temples were erected is an artificial mound about 30 feet higher than the surrounding plain, which gave room for immense vaults under the gigantic structures which in ancient times graced the "wonderful city of the east."

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ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

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